

SEMENTS.

**THINK OF IT..**

**STOCKSTADER AT THE PARK FOR  
AND 30 CENTS.**

**=To-Morrow...  
And All This Week**


**TONY  
PASTOR**

—AND HIS—  
**Great Company of Vaudeville Stars,  
Headed by the Eminent Comedian**

**Lew Dockstader**  
 And including his well-known and popular  
**ROGERS BROTHERS,**  
**MAUD RAYMOND,**  
**LAWRENCE AND HARRINGTON,**  
**CLIFFORD AND HUTH,**  
**GEORGE E. ALSTIN,**  
**THE DONOVAN**  
**AND THE THREE BOUFFONS.**  
**TONY PASTOR** appearing at each  
 performance.  
 Prices 10c, 20c and 30c. Matinees Daily.  
 "COON KOLLOW."

**WILL COMPANY**  
**WILLIAMS, RIALTA**  
**Specialties--10**  
Mrs. Estella Wills, Sisson and  
Wills and St. Clair,  
and Wills and Hastings.  
Andrews's tailor shop, Wash.  
Streets and box office at Theater.  
Hour's Gay New Yorkers.

A veritable curiosity in Indianan-  
olis to-day is the man who has  
not smoked a . . . . .

**General** 

**Arthur Cigar**

And they all keep it up.

**When 50,000**

General Arthur Cigars have been  
sold in Indianapolis during the  
last 25 days there must be some  
good reason for it. The reason is  
that it is the

**Best Cigar . . .**

on the market to-day. 4 sizes and  
only 1 quality. Insist on the

**General Arthur Cigar**

All first-class dealers.

**A. E. BUCHANAN,**  
**DENTIST,**  
**32 and 33 When Block, Opp. Postoffice.**

to fasten somehow to his woolly great bunch of cock's feathers. This fellow, who was evidently a great swell, with gray whiskers and a high forehead, his task, he sang a song whose refrain was "Ain't alo, Ain't alo," was taken to the neighborhood. But, indeed, they all sing like that, in bands, I suppose, and the whole of the earth from hand to hand to chorus, empty them to another, and him to another, till they pass their full quota of earth from hand to hand to another with a sort of shrill chuckle that haunts the tympanum for days. No one of them has any voice, but the combination of the varied tribal songs of six or seven hundred Soudanese makes a noise that is almost like a human phonograph. The melody must be heard to be realized.

[illegible]

The statement was true, too. I have had occasion to see many of these exciting collections of Tennyson's letters, and I am curious to see how, after his marriage, he ceased to write at length to his friends, and contented himself with brief notes merely. His wife had become the family correspondent.

It was once my privilege to hear Mr. Gladstone talking of Tennyson. "Tennyson," he said, "was a man who was not at all his own work, and has never allowed himself to be drawn aside from it by any thing outside of it. He gave up his private life to his work, and he stuck to this rule throughout life."

But it was his wife who made it possible for him to remain absorbed in his own thoughts and his own work amid the distractions of daily life, so that the lovers were united in the same way as to his husband, in a deep debt of gratitude.

The Bookman.

Our attention has been called to an article in *Telegraph* and *Express* of the 11th inst. which has published a short time ago in the *New York Sun*, and in which the writer says that "Miss Trollope is a very poor creature, and, unfortunately," now running in the *Century Magazine* "a very bad one." The article is, of course, sadly out of date; it has been paid, that "large" sum may have been paid; it is much smaller than the sum which she has received for her other works; and other sums paid for the product of other writers. The *Telegraph* and *Express* are not the only sources for "Woodstock" and *Moore* not 3,000. *Telegraph* and *Express* have paid her \$100,000 for *Trollope* received in 1841 \$500,000 for her various works. Forty thousand dollars for *Walden* and *Walden* is not a large sum, but \$150,000 is not all that *Miss Trollope* has received for her works. Her works are not only in the hands of the public but they are also in the hands of the public. It is estimated that for three novels, "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve" and "Neville Hamilton," she has received \$150,000.

Anthony Trollope, according to the *Telegraph* and *Express*, has received \$150,000 for his works. There are few more prolific writers in the world. His works are not only in the hands of the public but they are also in the hands of the public. It is estimated that for three novels, "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve" and "Neville Hamilton," she has received \$150,000.

His catalogue gives seventeen books bearing his name as author, and to have produced so much in an achievement as to have been paid over